K Horatius

HORACE, Book II. Satire VII.

11630. c. 12
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IMITATED:

OR, A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

A MAN of FASHION

AND

His VALET.

Inſcribed to RICHARD OWEN CAMBRIDGE, Eſq;

By Sir NICHOLAS NEMO, *Knt.*

——*Fungar vice cotis, acutum*
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi.

HOR.

Temple-Bar.

HORACE, Book II. Satire VII.

IMITATED;

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TO

Richard Owen Cambridge, Eſq;

SIR,

I Do not publiſh the following Imitation with a View to invite our Readers to a Compariſon, leſt they ſhould carry it too far, and, inſtead of comparing us together, compare us ſeparately with our great Original; by which I am ſure we ſhould both be great Sufferers. To write like, or to imitate a Poet of *Horace*'s Weight, requires ſome Genius; and, though we may think our Claim good, it would not become either of us to urge it.

I now beg leave to acquaint you with my Reaſons for undertaking and publiſhing this Imitation.

Many *Engliſh* Readers, totally unacquainted with *Horace*, and incapable to underſtand him in his own Tongue, might be at a Loſs to know, how happily you have imitated him. To prevent this equal Misfortune to them and you, I have been induced to give mine, to the end that, having the *Roman* Poet's Plan before them, they may be the better enabled to make the Compariſon between him and you.

I have alſo added the *Latin* to my Imitation, that having both before your Eyes at the ſame time, you may detect me, if I miſlead your Readers. *I am*,

SIR,

An Admirer of HORACE,

and of All his Acquaintance,

NICHOLAS NEMO.

Q. HORATII FL.

Lib. II. Sat. VII.

Davus et Horatius.

Davus.

Jamdudum auſculto, & cupiens tibi dicere ſervus
Pauca, reformido.

Hor. *Davus-ne?*

D. *Ita, Davus, amicum*
Mancipium domino, et frugi, quod ſit ſatis: hoc eſt,
Ut vitale putes.

H. *Age, libertate Decembri,*
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere; narra.

D. *Pars hominum vitiis gaudet conſtanter, et urget*
Propoſitum.

Pars

HORACE, Book the IId, Satire the VIIth. Imitated:

OR, A

DIALOGUE between a MAN of FASHION, and his VALET.

Valet.

SIR, I have liſtned long, yet fear'd to ſpeak---
May I at laſt, a painful Silence break?

Man of Faſhion. My Valet?

V. Yes, your faithful Valet ſtill---
An honeſt Drudge---obſervant of your Will---
True to my Maſter---healthy, ſober, ſtrong;
One that will live to ſerve you *well* and *long*.

M. Well, ſpeak---What wiſe thing have you now to ſay?
For once, as an old Servant, take your Way.

V. Pleaſure, the ſecret Spring that actuates Man,
Forms for both high and low, his future Plan;

Conſtant

Pars multa natat, modo recta capeſſens,
Interdum pravis obnoxia.

Sæpe notatus
Cum tribus annellis, modo læva priſcus inani,
Vixit inæqualis, clavum ut mutaret in horas:

Ædibus ex magnis ſubita ſe conderet, unde
Mundior exiret vix libertinus honeſte.

Jam

Conſtant and pleas'd in Vice, ſome never change,
But, thoughtleſs, thro' each gay Deluſion range;
Half-fleſh'd in Vice, and trembling as he ſins,
One Moment This gives off---the next begins;
To good or bad alternately inclin'd,
As Fear diſturbs, or Joy elates, the Mind.
Unſtable in his Taſte---To-day the Peer,
Affecting State, moves in his proper Sphere;
Juſt to his Rank, his Equipage and Dreſs,
The Man of Fortune, and of Birth, confeſs:
Ambitious Thoughts enlarge his ſwelling Heart,
He acts the Man of Quality's true Part---
Shines in the Senate, pleads his Country's Cauſe,
The Maker and Obſerver of its Laws:
To-morrow chang'd, to Vice a Convert grown,
The Peer no longer in the Peer is known;
New Paſſions lead, in different Pleaſures toſt,
The future great Man in one Hour is loſt;
The glorious Plan impatient to decline,
'Mers'd in the ſtronger Joys of Love and Wine,
Behold him now, ſkulking from Place to Place,
Where I ſhould almoſt bluſh to ſhew my Face;

Jam mœchus Romæ, jam mallet doctus Athenis
Vivere,

Vertumnis, quotquot sunt, natus iniquis.
Scurra Volanerius, postquam illi justa chiragra
Contudit articulos,

Qui pro se tolleret, atque
Mitteret in phimum talos, mercede diurna
Conductum pavit, quanto constantior idem
In vitiis, tanto leviùs miser, ac prior illo,
Qui jam contento, jam laxo fune laborat.

H. *Non dices hodie, quorsum hæc tam patida tendant,*
Furcifer?
D. *Ad te inquam.*
H. *Quo pacto, pessime?*
D. *Laudas*
Fortunam & mores antiquæ plebis? & idem,

In Taverns, Brothels, waſting Night and Day,
A Dupe to Wh---s, a greater Dupe to Play;
Still fond of Change, ev'n here, he can't forget,
But ſometimes thinks of *Oxford* with Regret:
No Foe to Virtue, and no Friend to Vice,
He yields to both, as both by Turns entice;
By neither bound, nor yet from either free,
VERTUMNUS never chang'd ſo much as he.
Rack'd with the Gout, and lame in both his Hands,
AVARO's Servant near his Maſter ſtands;
And as the Box and Dice go round the Board,
Loſes and wins a Fortune for his Lord.
Worſe than the other---Whom, thus robb'd of Pow'r.
His former Paſſions fatally devour!
Who, paſt the Act, will not the Pleaſure miſs,
But taſtes by Proxy the forbidden Bliſs!
M. Speak to the Point---Whom have you in your View?

V. Why---to be free, no other Sir, but you.
M. Raſcal!
V. Have Patience Sir---You warmly praiſe
The ſober Manners of *Eliza*'s Days;

Si quis ad illa Deus ſubito te agat, uſque recuſes:

Aut quia non ſentis, quod clamas, rectius eſſe,
Aut quia non firmus rectum defendis,
Et hæres,
Nequicquam cœno cupiens evellere plantam.

Romæ rus optas, abſentem ruſticus urbem,
Tollis ad aſtra levis.

Si nuſquam es forte vocatus
Ad cœnam, laudas ſecurum olus; ac velut uſquam
Vinctus eas, ita te felicem dicis, amaſque
Quod nuſquam tibi ſit potandum--
--Juſſerit ad ſe
Mæcenas ſerum ſub lumina prima venire
Convivam, Nemon' oleum feret ocyus? ecquis
Audit? cum magno blateras clamore, furiſque.

Milvius

Yet if ſome God would bring thoſe Days again,
You'd ſigh for theſe, nor could yourſelf contain:
" What you commend, you either think not right,
" Or have not Virtue to maintain the Fight."
Stuck in the Mire, which firſt your Feet betray'd,
All your vain Struggles are untimely made;
Weak, impotent, yet wiſhing to be free,
You are by much a greater Slave, than me;
A Slave, to ev'ry Guſt that ſhakes your Mind,
Your Eyes broad open, and your Senſes blind.
Fond of Retirement only, when in Town,
A Country Life is now your Pleaſure grown;
Once there, the Still-Life palls, the Pleaſure dies,
And *London*'s gay Attractions charm your Eyes.
To-day if none ſhould aſk you to a Treat,
What Happineſs, you cry, alone to eat!
How great the Joy! How pure the vaſt Delight!
P--x on each Coxcomb-Lord, that will invite!
A Card now comes juſt at the Cloſe of Day---
Her Grace invites you, Sir, to ſup or play;
You rave, you ſwear---Your Servants are too few
The neceſſary Offices to do---

Milvius & ſcurræ, tibi non referenda precati,
Diſcedunt.

Etenim fateor me, dixerit ille,
Duci ventre levem: naſum nidore ſupinor:
Imbecillus, iners, ſiquid vis, adde, popino.

Tu, quum ſis quod ego, & fortaſſis nequior, ultra
Inſectere, velut melior?

Verbiſque decoris
Obvolvas vitium?

Quid ſi me ſtultior ipſo
Quingentis emto drachmis, deprenderis? Aufer
Me vultu terrere, manum ſtomachumque teneto,
Dum quæ Criſpini docuit me janitor, edo.
Te conjux aliena capit, meretricula Davum.
Peccat uter noſtrum cruce dignius? Acris ubi me

" Here! ſcent this Handkerchief--Here! curl my Hair--
" Where are my Rogues? How ſlow theſe Fellows are!"
Your very Friends, whom you had aſk'd before,
Depart, and mutt'ring, curſe you at the Door.
But ſome may ſay (or you, Sir, if you pleaſe)
That I have Faults, perhaps as bad as theſe;
" That tho' a Valet I diſtinguiſh Smells,
" And know as well as you, which Diſh excels;
" Am heedleſs, lazy---Say, a Glutton too;
" And have an Alehouſe always in my View:
An honeſt Culprit, to the Charge I plead,
And own the Sentence, Juſtice has decreed.
But why ſhould you, as bad or worſe than I,
The honeſt Truths, which I confeſs, deny?
Why, with falſe Colours daub your Vices o'er?
Will Colours whiten, what was foul before?"
Suppoſe for once---nay, keep your Temper, pray---
Suppoſe I prove, in Vice you lead the Way---
For 'tis an Axiom, I was taught at School,
Maſter or Man---*A Fool is ſtill a Fool.*
You ſeek the marry'd Dame---I walk the Street,
And pick up the firſt willing Wench I meet;

Natura incendit, ſub clara nuda lacerna
Quæcunque excepit turgentis verbera caudæ,
Clunibus aut agitavit equum laſciva ſupinum,
Dimittit neque famoſum, neque ſolicitum, ne
Ditior, aut formæ melioris, meiat eodem.

Tu, quum, projectis inſignibus, annulo equeſtri,
Romanoque habitu, prodis, ex judice, Dama
Turpis, odoratum caput obſcurante lacerna,
Non es quod ſimulas?

Metuens induceris, atque

Altercante libidinibus tremis oſſa pavore.
Quid refert, uri virgis, ferroque necari,
Auctoratus eas,

An turpi clauſus in arca,
Quo te demiſit peccati conſcia herilis
Contractum, genibus tangas caput?

Luſt eggs us both---Luſt is in both the ſame;
Our Paſſions differ not, unleſs in Name;
She takes me to her Room---We kiſs, we toy;
I *taſk* her to the Height of am'rous Joy---
Unhurt in Character, I quit her Charms,
Nor care what happier Rival fills her Arms.
Whilſt you, diſguis'd, and fearful to be known,
Quit, for the Habit of a Slave, your own.
Diſguis'd in vain, wake from your fooliſh Dream,
And own yourſelf the very Slave you ſeem;
The Slave of Paſſion; which perverts Truth's Plan,
And ſinks the *virtuous* in the *vicious* Man.
With Caution introduc'd, you *trembling* move,
Unfit for the rough Exerciſe of Love:
Behold, the Object of your Pleaſure near,
You *thrill* with Rapture, and you *ſhake* with Fear.
The Huſband comes---New Terrors fill your Head;
The dreaded Sword already dooms you dead.
Perhaps the Confidant, to ſave you, tries,
And hides you from the jealous Huſband's Eyes.
Cramm'd in ſome Cheſt, you *writhe* all Night with Pain,
And dare not for your Safety once complain:

Eſtne marito
Matrona peccantis in ambos juſta poteſtas?
In corruptorem vel juſtior?

Illa tamen ſi
Non habitu mutatve loco,
peccatve ſuperne,

Quum te formidet mulier, neque credat amanti,

Ibis ſub furcam prudens: dominoque furenti
Committes rem omnem, vitam, & cum corpore famam.
Evâſti? credo, metues, doctusque cavebis.

Quæres quando iterum paveas, iterumque perire
Poſſis. O toties ſervus!

Quæ bellua, ruptis,
Quum ſemel effugit, reddit ſe prava catenis?

Non

The Man whom, by your Rank, abroad you *awe*,
Sits in your Place, and *gives* his Lord the *Law*.
But tell me, Which for Vengeance loudeſt calls,
The Wretch who *tempts*, or who, when *tempted*, falls?
Alike to blame, but diff'ring in Degree,
Each Eye your greater Infamy can ſee.
Leſs criminal by far, *ſhe* ſought not you,
Nor chang'd her Garb, to ſhun the public View;
Ev'n in the Height of Joy, which warms the Heart,
She acted a conſtrain'd imperfect Part;
A cumb'rous Load within *her* Arms you lay,
And all *her* Joys diſſolv'd in Fears away.
All this you know--yet riſk for this your All,
Life, Fortune, Fame; what Men ſtill deareſt call.
But you eſcape---Well! does that make you wiſe,
Or open on your Follies, Reaſon's Eyes!
Caution'd in vain---Oh! ever Paſſion's Slave!
You tempt your Fate, and the ſame Dangers brave;
You ſeek again each Terror to renew,
And meet the Puniſhment ſo much your Due.
What Beaſt but Man, who once has broke his Chain,
Returns, and ſeeks to put it on again?

Non ſum mœchus, ais. *Neque ego, Hercule, fur, ubi vaſa*
Prætereo ſapiens argentea.

Tolle periclum,
Jam vaga profiliet frenis natura remotis.
Tune mihi dominus, rerum imperiis hominumque
Tot tantiſque minor? quem ter vindicta quaterque
Impoſita haud unquam miſera formidine privet?

Adde ſupradictis, quod non levius valeat; nam
Sive vicarius eſt, qui ſervo paret (uti mos
Veſter ait) ſeu conſervus,

Tibi quid ſum ego? nempe
Tu, mihi qui imperitas, aliis ſervis miſer,

Atque

M. I'm no Adulterer---

V. Well, be it ſo---

But will you, Sir, the honeſt Reaſon know---
I am no Thief---Safe, to your Servant's Hands,
The Plate committed, in the Buſet ſtands:
But take away the Cauſe, which keeps us juſt,
We both alike ſhould violate our Truſt:
The Danger once remov'd, the Tempter nigh,
My Lord would be as great a Rogue, as I!
But you're my Maſter, as you ſay---What then!
You are as much the Slave of other Men:
Nor can the Rank in which the Great appear,
Give Freedom to the Mind oppreſs'd with Fear.
Yet more---This Argument will ſtand the Teſt---
Each Houſe one Servant has, who rules the reſt:
Yet tho' the others all obey his Will,
Butler or Steward, he's a Servant ſtill.
Enlarge the Thought---I am your Slave, 'tis true;
But tell me honeſtly, whoſe Slave are you?
You ſerve a hundred Maſters, I but one;
Your Drudg'ry never ends; mine ſoon is done:

Atque
Duceris ut nervis alienis mobile lignum.

H. *Quisnam igitur Liber?*

D. *Sapiens, sibique imperiosus:*
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent:
Responsare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, & in seipso totus teres, atque rotundus,
Externi nequid valeat per læve morari.

In quem manca ruit semper fortuna.

Ex his ut proprium quid noscere?
Quinque talenta
Poscit te mulier, Vexat,

Let *P----m* or *N------e* pull the Wire,
The Puppet dances, to their Hearts Deſire;
Compell'd by ſecret Springs, to him unknown,
The Engine moves with Motions not its own.
M. Who then is free, or is each Man the ſame?
V. The Wiſe alone deſerves that glorious Name;
He who commands himſelf, and does what's right,
Whom neither Want, nor Death, nor Chains, affright;
Who from each dang'rous Paſſion calmly flies,
And ſees a *G-----g* with unwiſhing Eyes;
Who laughs at Honours, Titles, Rank, or Pow'r;
And, ſafe within, fears no unguarded Hour;
Who fenc'd, and inacceſſible to all,
Smiles when the Strokes of Fortune heavieſt fall!
This Man is free: None elſe true Freedom have,
But wear the Badge of Slav'ry to the Grave.
Now aſk yourſelf, and tell me, if you find
But one of all theſe Virtues in your Mind.
A Thouſand Pounds your laviſh Miſs requires:
You anſwer not at firſt to her Deſires:

---Vexat, foribuſque repulſum
Perfundit gelidâ : rurſus vocat.

Eripe turpi
Colla jugo : Liber, Liber ſum, dic, age.
Non quis :
Urget enim dominus mentem non lenis, & acres
Subjectat laſſo ſtimulos, verſatque negantem.

Vel quum Pauſiaca torpes, inſane, tabella,
Qui peccas minus atque ego ? quum Fulvî Rutulæque
Aut Placideiani contento poplite miror
Prælia rubrica picta aut carbone, velut ſi
Revera pugnent, feriant, vitentque moventes
Arma viri : nequam & ceſſator Davus : at ipſe
Subtilis veterum judex & callidus audis.
Nil ego, ſi ducor libo fumante : tibi ingens
Virtus atque animus cænis reſponſat opimis.

Obſequium

Each diff'rent Trick ſhe tries to gain her Ends;
She quarrels with you now, and now is *Friends*;
Now drives you from her Houſe, now ſhews Diſdain,
And now, capricious, calls you back again.
Break thro' theſe ſhameful Bonds----Your Folly ſee;
Reſume yourſelf, and ſay at laſt, I'M FREE!
In vain---The *Maſter-Paſſion* governs ſtill,
And forces you to yield againſt your Will.

A *Guido* ſtrikes with Rapture and Surprize;
The well-drawn Figure charms your wond'ring Eyes;
I like the Sign that hangs at *Broughton*'s Door,
And ſpy freſh Beauties, unobſerv'd before;
The Bruiſer there in mimic Action ſtands,
And ſeems to threaten with his uprais'd Hands:
Yet I'm an ignorant and idle Fool,
And you a *Connoiſſeur*, who judge by Rule.
Lur'd by the Sight, and tickled by the Smell,
The ſmoaking Ox-Cheek tempts me to rebel:
In me Temptation is a Vice---In you
'Tis Virtue to reſiſt---whene'er you do---

Obſequium ventris mihi perniciosius eſt, cur?
Tergo plector enim. Qui tu impunitior, illa,
Quæ parvo ſumi nequeunt, cum obſonia captas?
Nempe inamarescunt epulæ ſine fine petitæ,
Illuſique pedes vitioſum ferre recuſant
Corpus.

An hic peccat, ſub noctem qui puer uva
Furtivam mutat ſtrigilem? qui prædia vendit,
Nil ſervile, gulæ parens, habet?

Adde, quod idem
Non horam tecum eſſe potes, non otia recte
Ponere: teque ipſum vitas fugitivus, & erro:
Jam vino quærens, jam ſomno fallere curam:
Fruſtra;

Nam

" To eat is yours: If Taſte for Dainties calls,
" No Puniſhment on the *rich* Glutton falls."
Greatly miſtaken! See how each Diſeaſe
Follows the Wretch who will his Palate pleaſe!
The weaken'd Body, and the tott'ring Feet,
Are worſe than any Treatment I can meet.

Blameful the Slave, no doubt, who ſteals by Night,
To purchaſe what may give his Taſte Delight!
You ſell your Land to pleaſe your pamper'd Taſte,
And all your Subſtance on your Belly waſte:
Which is the greater Slave, or he, or you?
Is not the Name, as much as his, your Due?
Worſe yet---Incapable to be alone,
Your very Leiſure is no more your own;
Time hangs upon your Hands----Yourſelf you fly,
And ev'ry *Care-expeller* vainly try.
Striving in Wine and Sleep to drown each Thought,
In his own Snare the wretched Fool is caught;

Num comes atra premit, sequiturque fugacem.

H. *Unde mihi lapidem?*

D. *Quorsum est opus?*

H. *Unde sagittas?*

D. *Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.*

H. *Ocyus hinc te*

Ni rapis, accedes opera agro nona Sabino.

F I N I S.

For Care, the Curſe of each unbuſy'd Mind,
Sits on your Skirts, and follows you behind.

M. A Stick---

V. For what---

M. I can no more endure---

V. My Maſter's mad, or elſe makes Verſes ſure!

M. Be gone---Let me no more your Figure ſee:
Who'd keep a Servant *better taught* than he?

The E N D.

THE END.